

Ad-Visor

Conducted by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

This department has entered the second stage of service to Tribune readers. Primarily it was intended merely to separate the sheep of advertising from the goats—and hang a bell on the goats. But now it goes beyond mere identification. It embraces a human nature study of both sheep and goats. You are invited to assist. For every letter printed in this department describing experiences—pleasant or unpleasant—with advertisers of merchandise, excepting only patent medicines, The Tribune will send \$2.00, payable in any merchandise of any Tribune advertiser. For the most important letter each month a special prize of \$50.00, payable similarly, will be awarded. Name printed or withheld—as you prefer, but must be signed or we will not know where to send the prize order. Address: The Ad-Visor, The Tribune, New York.

I demand that you right the wrong done "Mitchell" the Tailor. You have made several veiled allusions in the Ad-Visor column against the commercial purity of that enterprising "made-to-order" clothier, and you know it.

I hereby aver that some time ago, being then (and now, too, I'll have you understand), sane, in good health and muscle, I entered "Mitchell's" downtown shop and ordered a heavy winter suit of dark blue cloth. The price was, as advertised, \$1. I naturally paid a bit extra for better button-holes, a little more for fine lining and an appreciable amount for keener workmanship, as would any customer of reason and taste. The day was cloudy and the cloth selected appeared just the right shade to the clerk and me. I have to smile, not scornfully, but in pity, when I think how that expert salesman was deceived by the overcast sky.

At my home probably a week or ten days, or possibly two weeks, later, I donned the finally finished suit and proudly paraded in the parlor for the family's admiration. Instead, the resultant remarks of wife and daughter were hypercritical.

"Didn't you stipulate no 'splits' in the coattail? One sleeve is miles longer than the other—and the cloth is summer weight, Dearie!"

"Where's the patch-pocket, Dad? Those trouser legs give you a fetching Zouave effect!"

Mr. Ad-Visor, those were mechanical tailoring defects, easily remedied, as you will admit if you are an open-minded white man, and not a blashed muckraker.

But when I walked out into the sunny street, that "dark blue" cloth fairly torpedoed the optic nerve. It proved to be a dye combination of pale lavender and robin red, with a lively dash of green, and the solid result was a brilliant purple.

I am plumb of build (although strong and tremulant, I warn you), and my new suit made me look like a ripe, sun-kissed Concord grape.

That unfortunate clerk of "Mitchell's" must be color-blind.

The next day was cloudy, and my wife succeeded in selling the purloined garment for \$3 to an old-codger man. I hope dark days soon come on him, poor fellow, so that he could re-serve it.

Of course, it is now too late for "Mitchell" the Tailor to rectify his father's slight errors on that suit. This is why I have written so feebly on the firm's behalf, and I insist that you give more space to disinterested commendation than you have to tassels of calumny.

I double-dare you to print this letter, you professional knocker. (That is what "Mitchell" clerk called you, and he added, "If we had that guy in Boston we'd frame him up!")

If you are afraid to give publicity to this boast of an enterprise which does not advertise in The Tribune, just say so, and I'll have Hearst's newspapers do it. And I shall write another letter soon, about an eight-dollar overcoat, which will top my proof that "Mitchell" the Tailor is the lowest advertiser in a one-priced world. Yours, for fair play.

S. T. UNGHARD.

Come again, Mr. "S. T. Unghard," with that overcoat or any other garment. Always delighted to read your impassioned defense of the downtrodden.

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After reading many of the advertisements of the New York trolley lines in the morning "Towm," I hopped aboard one of their cars the other day. I did not find the line nearly as bad as advertised. Under The Tribune's guarantee do I get my money back, or does The Tribune refuse to guarantee ads appearing in the "Towm?"

Please send check to Room 458, House Office Building, Washington. Thanking you, I remain,

NELSON C. HYDE.

Here is "How It Works" in this case:

1. Mr. Hyde gets his money back promptly.

2. The Ad-Visor calls on F. P. A.

3. F. P. A. pays up like a man and undertakes to be more careful in future.

4. The Tribune continues to guarantee, though with increased weight of responsibility, matter appearing in the Conning Tower, on the same basis as the rest of the paper.

P. S.—F. P. A. would like to know what kind of trolley lines they have in Washington, anyway.

Just three weeks ago I purchased a football at Treman, King & Co.'s sporting goods store. After using it for about a week I found it to be lopsided and defective. Thinking that I had perhaps missed the ball, I refrained from doing anything about it until the following Saturday, when the inclosed ad in "The Cornell Daily Sun" caught my eye.

At once I determined to test the guarantee and went down to the store with my football and complaint. Without any ado the salesman asked my name and address and told me a new ball would be given me as soon as the Reach Sporting Goods Company would send it. Of course his promise was lived up to, and now I have a brand new football, which will afford my "kid" brother oodles of fun when the ground is cleared of snow.

I don't know who deserves credit for my satisfaction—Treman, King or the Reach Company. But I do know that every bit of sporting goods I shall henceforth use shall bear the Treman, King guarantee.

"CORNELL 1918."

Both concerns deserve a share of the credit for this straightforward and honorable transaction. But did it never occur to the writer of the letter in keeping an unsatisfactory purchase and with it a sense of injury against the seller, without giving the store a chance to make good, he would have been a little less than fair? No honest or farsighted mercantile concern wishes to sell unsatisfactory wares. It wants—and deserves—the chance to make good on such accidental sales.

Is it true that Ryson Baking Powder "restores original food value lost in milled white flour," as advertised in the subway? I do not doubt that Ryson is worthy enough as a baking powder, but as to its qualifications as a reviver of debilitated flour, that is, as Mawruss Perlmutter would say, is a horse from a different color. At any rate, this statement of the Ryson people strikes me as bordering on the equivocal. What says Monstur? Ad-Visor!

EDWARD ROSENZWEIG.

In part Ryson Baking Powder does restore the original food value lost in milled white flour, but only in part. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley says on this point:

"There is a slight basis for it (the claim) in so far as phosphorus is lost when the grain is milled and the bran removed, and a minute amount of phosphate is added to the loaf by using the baking powder."

"The phosphate is not in the same form as it is in the wheat, only a minute amount is added, and there are many other valuable ingredients, vitamins, protein and other minerals, lost in the milling of the flour."

Plainly a very slight basis for the very broad claim made in the advertisement. Another instance where an excellent article invites suspicion lies in the exaggerated character of its exploitation.

The public owes you a debt of gratitude for the manner in which you are exposing fraudulent advertising, and doing a great deal of good generally for the benefit of the public. With your many wise utterances you have never said a truer thing than "There may be a better asset to a merchant than a satisfied customer, but we have never heard of it" (quoted from memory from an issue of your paper last summer).

I shall relate to you a striking proof of the above assertion. Some time ago I purchased some material of B. Altman & Co. for curtains. The Clarion," Samuel Hopkins Adams' novel of patent medicine newspaper life, is being filmed at Jacksontown, with Carlyle Blackwell in one of the leading roles.

Thomas Mott Osborne pleaded not guilty in White Plains yesterday to the new indictment charging him with perjury in connection with his testimony before Dr. Rudolph Diesel, a Paris Commissioner. Justice Marschall held him in \$500 for trial. Robert Brewster, chairman of the Westchester Building Commission, furnishing the surety.

The indictment replaces one found a month ago charging the same offense and differs but slightly in language. The first indictment was found without what the District Attorney's office, on mature consideration, considered sufficient proof that Osborne was under oath at the time the alleged perjury was committed.

Huntington W. Merchant, of counsel for Osborne, at the same time renewed his offer to stand as his surety. The District Attorney Weeks to allow Osborne to plead to the indictment charging immorality. The court put over the matter.

An interesting example of error rectified in such manner that the customer's confidence was confirmed instead of alienated.

SANATORIUM ASKS AID

Funds Needed to Rebuild Burned Building at Gabriels.

Mother Patricia, of the Sanatorium Gabriels, issued an appeal for funds yesterday following the destruction of the administration building by fire on Tuesday of last week. The sanatorium, which is at Gabriels, N. Y., is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy for sufferers from tuberculosis. Insurance on the burned structure amounted to only \$7,000, and the value of the property destroyed was greatly in excess of that amount.

Plans for a modern fireproof building are already being prepared by Mother Patricia, and its construction will start as soon as sufficient funds have been raised.

FOR SALE-CHEAP! ONE DERELICT A. D.

Bowery United and Thirsty Will Give Vote of Thanks, 5,000 Strong, to Patron.

Who wants one good Assembly district, guaranteed to produce 5,000 votes, if properly fed, clothed, beered and otherwise taken care of? Can be used for any election, party or candidate. No one is doing these things for the Bowery as they used to be done by the "Big Tim" Sullivan, and the Howey's waiting for a new patron.

Every year in February "Big Tim" used to hand out 7,000 or 8,000 brogans and woolen socks. Each Thanksgiving he gave away an equal number of hot dinners. No one did it in his memory this season, and no one is going to hand out shoes and socks. And that's not all there is to the Bowery's Stein of woe. All the old-timers who went ball and things have moved away to silk-stocks and money.

There's Alderman Johnny White, gone to Riverside Drive; there's Senator Jack Fitzgerald, a Sheephead Bay bungalow now; Judge Frank McQuade, gone uptown—gone, all gone, or dead. And Henry Zang is the only district captain of the old school left. New generation Indians, however, fill the places of the Donovans, and Kelleys, the Mc's, and the O's and the -ans, and all the other old whos who used to keep the district in order for Tammany.

That's why the Bowery has no patronage left. "We'll kiss a tail-wagging sheriff, a doctor, and a sheriff's -in," lamented Harry Smith yesterday, "and that's Sheriff Al Smith we're after."

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